Epistle to the Magnesians, c. ix. : — *μηκέτι σαββατίζοντες, ἀλλὰ κατὰ κυριακὴν ζωὴν ζῶντες, κ.τ.λ.* The passage, in fact, is not to be found in any of the apostolic fathers, but is quoted incorrectly from what are commonly called the *Apostolical Canons*, with the authorship of which Ignatius can be proved to have no more to do than even Hooker or his editor. These *Canons*, as given by the Jesuit Harduin in his *Collection of the Councils of the Church*, are eighty-four in number, of which the sixty-fifth, the one evidently referred to, is thus worded,—

Εἴ τις κληρικὸς εὑρεθῇ τὴν κυριακὴν ἡμερὰν νηστεύων, ἢ τὸν σάββατον, πλὴν τοῦ ἑνὸς μόνου, καθαιρείσθω· εἰ δὲ λαϊκός εἴη, ἀφοριζέσθω.

"If any clerk be discovered fasting on the Lord's day, or on the Sabbath, with the exception of one only, let him be deposed; if any layman, let him be excommunicate."

Now, though the appearance of Ignatius in the text may be the result of error or interpolation, this will not help at all towards the solving the other difficulty—the misquotation, rendered by Hooker, "that man is no better than a murderer of Christ," with the pseudo-reference given in the foot-note, *οὗτος χριστοκτόνος ἐστί.* (*Epist. ad Philip.* c. 13).

Considering Hooker's profound learning and his almost proverbial accuracy, I am fairly puzzled to account for such blundering as this, and shall be very grateful to any one who will help me in my perplexity.

I had thought that probably the name of Ignatius might have been substituted by mistake for Polycarp, who did write a short epistle to the Philippians, but in referring to it I find nothing bearing a resemblance to this passage, or for which it might be mistaken.

EDMUND TEW, M.A.

Patching Rectory, Arundel.

GOVERNOR ARCHDALE OF CAROLINA.

John Archdale, the son of Thomas Archdale, Esq., of Loakes, in Chipping Wycombe, Bucks, came to New England a few years after the Restoration as the agent of Ferdinando Gorges, Esq. (who married his eldest sister), a son of John and grandson of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the patentee of the province of Maine, who had been deprived of the government of that territory during the Civil War. He arrived at Piscataqua, in the summer of 1664, in company with Sir Robert Carr and Samuel Maverick, two of the royal commissioners, and brought with him two letters from King Charles II., in favour of Gorges, both dated June 11, 1664: one to the inhabitants of Maine,* and the other to the governor and council of Massachusetts.* He remained here, according to a statement of his made twenty-three years later, "for the space of a twelvemonth or thereabouts."

He was one of the proprietaries of Carolina, and was governor of that colony from 1695 to 1696. The late William Gilmore Simms, in his *History of South Carolina* (p. 72), says of his administration that—

"It was peaceable, and received as it merited, at its termination, the thanks of the colony for the first time given to any of its governors. He improved the military system, opened friendly communications with the Indians and Spaniards, discouraged the inhumanities of the former so effectually as to induce them to renounce the inhuman practice of plundering shipwrecked vessels and murdering their crews; and combined, with singular felicity, the firm requisites of the governor with the gentle and simple benevolence of the Quaker."

Mr. Simms concludes by quoting this observation from Grahame's *History of the United States*:—

"Yet, how inferior the worldly renown of Archdale, the instrument of so much good, to the more cherished fame of his less efficient and far less disinterested contemporary and fellow sectary, William Penn!"

Archdale had visited Carolina before he was its governor; for a letter, written by him from that colony to George Fox in March 1680, is printed in Hawks's *History of North Carolina*; but he was not residing there when he was appointed governor in 1694. After his return to England he was elected, in 1698, a member of Parliament for Chipping Wycombe; but his conscientious scruples not allowing him to take the oath, he was not admitted to a seat. He published, in 1707, *A Description of the Province of Carolina*. It contains a history of the discovery, settlement, and government of the colony to that date.

I wish to obtain the dates of his birth and death, and also further information concerning his life while in England.

JOHN WARD DEAN.

Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

* Printed in Hutchinson's *Collection of Papers*, pp. 385–8.

* Printed in the *Massachusetts Colony Records*, vol. iv. part II. pp. 243–5.

CINDERELLA AND THE GLASS SLIPPER.—It is said of the Lady Rhodopis, who was alike fair and frail, that of all the beautiful women in Egypt she was by far the most beautiful; and the story goes that one time when she was bathing, fortune, which always was a lover of whatever may be the most unlikely and unexpected, bestowed upon her rank and dignity that were alone suitable for her transcendant charms; and this was the way what I am now going to tell came to pass.

Rhodopis, before taking a bath, had given her robes in charge to her attendants; but at the same time there was an eagle flying over the bath,

Downloaded from https://academic.oup.com/ng/article-abstract/s4-VI/149/382/4507728 by Chalmers University of Technology user on 22 December 2019

and it darted down and flew away with one of her slippers. The eagle flew away, and away, and away, until it got to the city of Memphis, where the Prince Psammetichus was sitting in the open air, and administering justice to those subject to his sway; and as the eagle flew over him it let the slipper fall from its beak, and it fell down into the lap of Psammetichus. The prince looked at the slipper, and the more he looked at it the more he marvelled at the beauty of its material and the dainty minuteness of its size; and then he cogitated upon the wondrous way in which such a thing was conveyed to him through the air by a bird; and then it was that he sent forth a proclamation to all parts of Egypt to try and discover the woman to whom the slipper belonged, and solemnly promised that whoever she might be he would make her his bride.

I have found this story in Ælian (*Var. Hist.*, lib. XIII. cap. xxxiii.); and the same, or something similar, is to be met with in Strabo (lib. XVII.) I believe that it is the germ of the *History of Cinderella and the Little Glass Slipper*. I should like to know if there is any more authentic source for a "nursery tale" that is the delight of all children. W. B. MAC CABE.

Moncontour-de-Bretagne, Côtes du Nord, France.

DATE OF GABRIEL HERVEY'S ADMISSION AS FELLOW OF TRINITY HALL.—In Mr. Collier's edition of Spenser, 1862 (vol. i. p. xxix.), I find in a note the extract of a letter from the editors of the *Athenæ Cantabrigienses*, MESSRS. COOPER, to "N. & Q." stating that Gabriel Hervey was elected a fellow at Pembroke Hall in 1570, "but we are not enabled to state how long a period elapsed before he removed to a fellowship at Trinity Hall." This information I can supply by extracts from our College books. The entries are as follows:—

"Gabriel Hervey, A.M., famosus elect. et admiss. in locum Thomæ Hamond, Decr 18, 1578."

"Christophorus Wivell, LL.B. Admiss. Jan. 22°, in locum Gabrielis Hervey, 1591."

On the foundation of Simon Dalling.

This fellowship is corrected as a foundation fellowship of the college. The epithet "famosus" is inserted in accordance with the old statutes, which gave members of the college a preference for fellowships, but permitted the election of any "famosus" Master of Arts of Cambridge or Oxford. HENRY LATHAM,

Fellow and Tutor of Trinity Hall.

RHYME TO ORANGE.—Long ago in "N. & Q.," amidst its miscellaneous jottings of out-of-the-way finds, quaint scholarship, humorous antiquarianism, refined bits of fringe, and literary *virtù*, certain English words, for which it is hard and sometimes next to impossible to find a rhyme, have been pointed out. In due time, solutions more or less happy have, I believe, been tendered.

I remember (when I was far away from England, gradually dropping my correspondence through the weary sense of delay before any letter could yield its little harvest, could grow up and bloom into a reply) one of these challenging and impracticable words received its share of attention; I mean "orange." ("Month" was another, though I perceive this only now, not having adverted to it when "orange" caught my fancy.) Somebody found a rhyme for each, by pressing into service the Hindostani proper name (not of a person, yet why not? if) of a river, and an Eastern word. Now, rap me sharply across the knuckles if my principles be unsound critically—I promise to bear it properly—but it does seem to me that no word in English, and few in any tongue, would be hard to rhyme, if we could call in other languages; and that rhymes for English terms ought to come out of the English tongue.

Mr. Max Müller would pair any one sound with another, if allowed to draw upon the foreign idioms he has mastered; and as to the late Cardinal Mezzofanti — given his sixty or seventy languages and dialects—he could have discovered in some one of them a phonetic effect corresponding with that of any term whatever in any single one of the other fifty-nine or sixty-nine. This would, however, be really but evading the difficulty. Any *tour de force*, any contortion, any violent acrobatic effort of words *in* the language to which belongs the word to be matched, would be more legitimate—would, in fact, be better, not in degree, but in kind. Plain, compound terms, coined fairly for the occasion, agreeably to the minting principles of our English idiom, would be truer currency. English phrases would less gypsily and less morganatically mate with the English noun "orange."

I submit, on these principles, my own audacious competitive paper, hereunder:—

"*Another Solution of the Orange-rhyme Problem.*

"Above my head, and just within my claw-range,
I see a sample of that bitter orange,
Whereof, when young, thro' gardens I oft *saw* range
(Inside the limits of the social law-range),
Files of the fashionable folk at Seville,
Lovers of love, and haters of the devil.
Believe or not what I proceed to tell ye—
In order to obtain a dainty jelly,
They squeeze the fruit of this most famous orange,
And *positively* put it in a *porringe*
(Adding an *-r*, our sign of the comparative),
And boil it! There's the secret! *that's* my narrative."

M. G. K.

GERMAN SONG TRANSLATED.—In *The Athenæum* for October 8 appeared a German war-song by Berthold Auerbach, entitled "Lied der Deutschen Soldaten in Elsass." It is adapted to the tune of the older and well-known song, "Ich hatt' einen Kameraden." Of this latter I send a translation, which I made several years ago: in these sad

Downloaded from https://academic.oup.com/nq/article-abstract/s4-VI/149/382/4507728 by Chalmers University of Technology user on 22 December 2019